DARK HORSE COMICS
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#11
THE GOON™
IN THE DIMENSION OF THE FLESH-EATING EYE!
by Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

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Robin Powell

edited by **Matt Dryer** designed by **Amy Arendts**
published by **Mike Richardson**

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YAAAAWN!

RISE AND SHINE, LEWIS.

GOOD MORNING, RANDOLPH.
THE TIME IS 7:24 A.M. TEMPERATURE IS 57° FAHRENHEIT. NORTHEASTERLY WINDS AT TWO MILES PER HOUR.

GOOD MORNING, LAGARTO. I'LL HAVE EGGS BENEDICT, TWO SLICES OF TOAST, A SIDE OF BACON, JUICE, AND COFFEE, PLEASE.
SÍ, LE TRAERÉ EL ALIMENTO, BOLSO HUMANO DE LA CARNE ESE LOS OLORES DE MONOS MUERTOS!

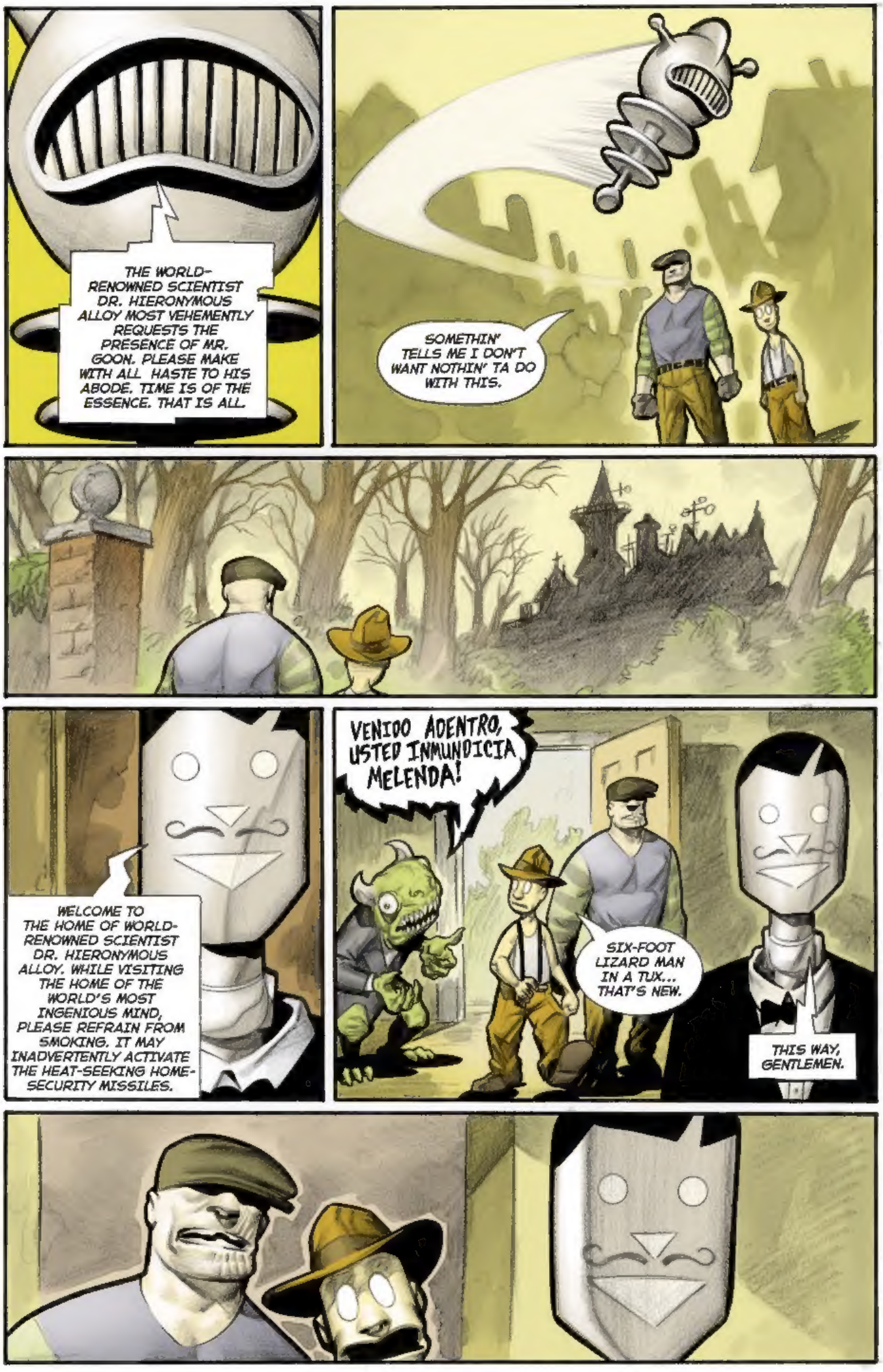
LIGHTS, PLEASE.

OH, DEAR.
MR. GOON!
AW, CHRIST! IT'S THAT CRIPPLED KID, EUGENE.
MY MOTHER SAYS YOU HAVE TO QUIT PLAYING YOUR RADIO SO LOUD AND COMING IN DRUNK AT ALL HOURS MAKING A RACKET!

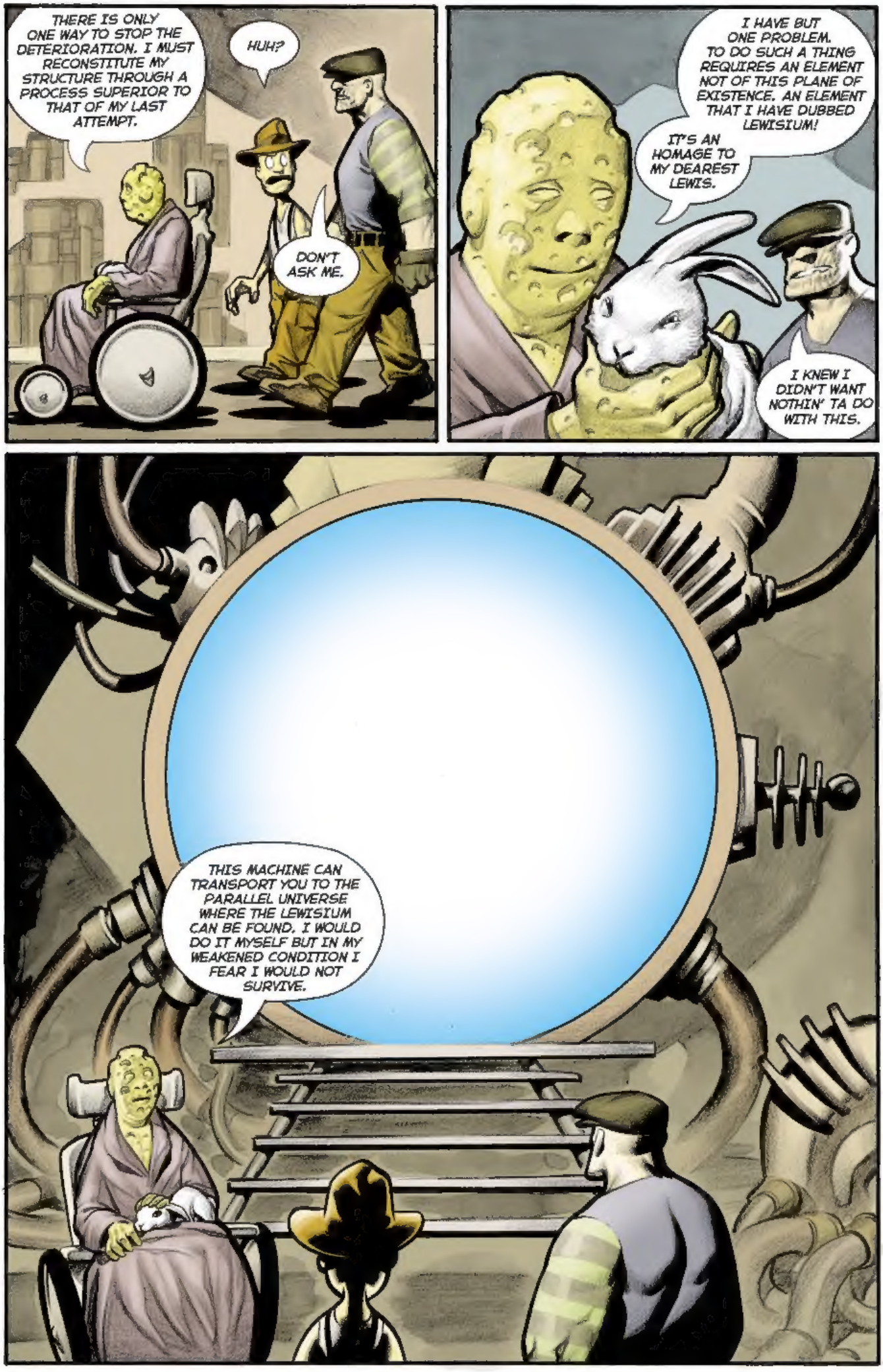
TELL YER KEYHOLE-PEEPIN' MOTHER TA MIND HER OWN BUSINESS! SHE DON'T OWN THE WHOLE BUILDIN'!
HEY!
DON'T YOU TALK ABOUT MY MOTHER, YOU HOODLUM!
IT'S HER FAULT YOU WAS BORN WITHOUT LEGS! IT'S ALL THAT WHORIN' AND TURPENTINE HOOCH THAT DONE IT!
HEY THERE, FELLA! THE NAME'S WILLY NAGEL!
A TALKER, HUH? WHATTA YA DOIN' HERE?!
JUST SITTIN'.
YOU GOT SOME NERVE STRAYIN' OFF LONELY STREET, SLACK JAW! THIS IS MY TERRITORY!
I AIN'T AFFILIATED WITH THOSE ZOMBIES. ALL THAT VOODOO MUMBO JUMBO. WHO NEEDS IT? BIT ODD, IF YOU ASK ME.

NOW...
IF YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR A FINE, HANDCRAFTED TIME-PIECE, I'M YER MAN!
MAYBE YOU'D BE MORE INTERESTED IN AN ASSORTMENT OF GENUINE ALLIGATOR-SKIN WALLETS?! TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT OFF! OKAY, THIRTY!
HOW ABOUT A PROFICIENT POTATO-PEELING SQUIRREL THAT SPEAKS SEVEN LANGUAGES!
A BILINGUAL, POTATO-PEELING SQUIRREL?!
SMASH!

OH, YES SHE DID!! CHARLIE NOODLES SAW HER IN THE BACK OF THE BURLESQUE HOUSE HALF-NAKED WITH A BUCKET OF SARDINES AND A MIGHTY ANXIOUS-LOOKING SHEEPDOG IN TOW!
C'MON, FRANKY, LET'S GO!
KRAK!
C'MON, FRANKY!!
YOU LITTLE-- WATCH YER BACK, STUMPY! ONE OF THESE NIGHTS YER GONNA FIND YERSELF DROWNED IN THE TUB!
ONLY YOU ARE GONNA PICK A FIGHT WITH A LEGLESS TEN-YEAR-OLD.
HE BEST NOT GO TO SLEEP TONIGHT, THAT'S ALL I'M SAYIN'!
WHAT THE HELL'S THAT THING?!


THE WORLD-RENOWNED SCIENTIST DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY MOST VEHEMENTLY REQUESTS THE PRESENCE OF MR. GOON. PLEASE MAKE WITH ALL HASTE TO HIS ABODE. TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE. THAT IS ALL.
SOMETHIN' TELLS ME I DON'T WANT NOTHIN' TA DO WITH THIS.
WELCOME TO THE HOME OF WORLD-RENOWNED SCIENTIST DR. HIERONYMOUS ALLOY. WHILE VISITING THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST INGENIOUS MIND, PLEASE REFRAIN FROM SMOKING. IT MAY INADVERTENTLY ACTIVATE THE HEAT-SEEKING HOME-SECURITY MISSILES.
VENIDO ADENTRO, USTED INMUNDICIA MELENDA!
SIX-FOOT LIZARD MAN IN A TUX... THAT'S NEW.
THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN.

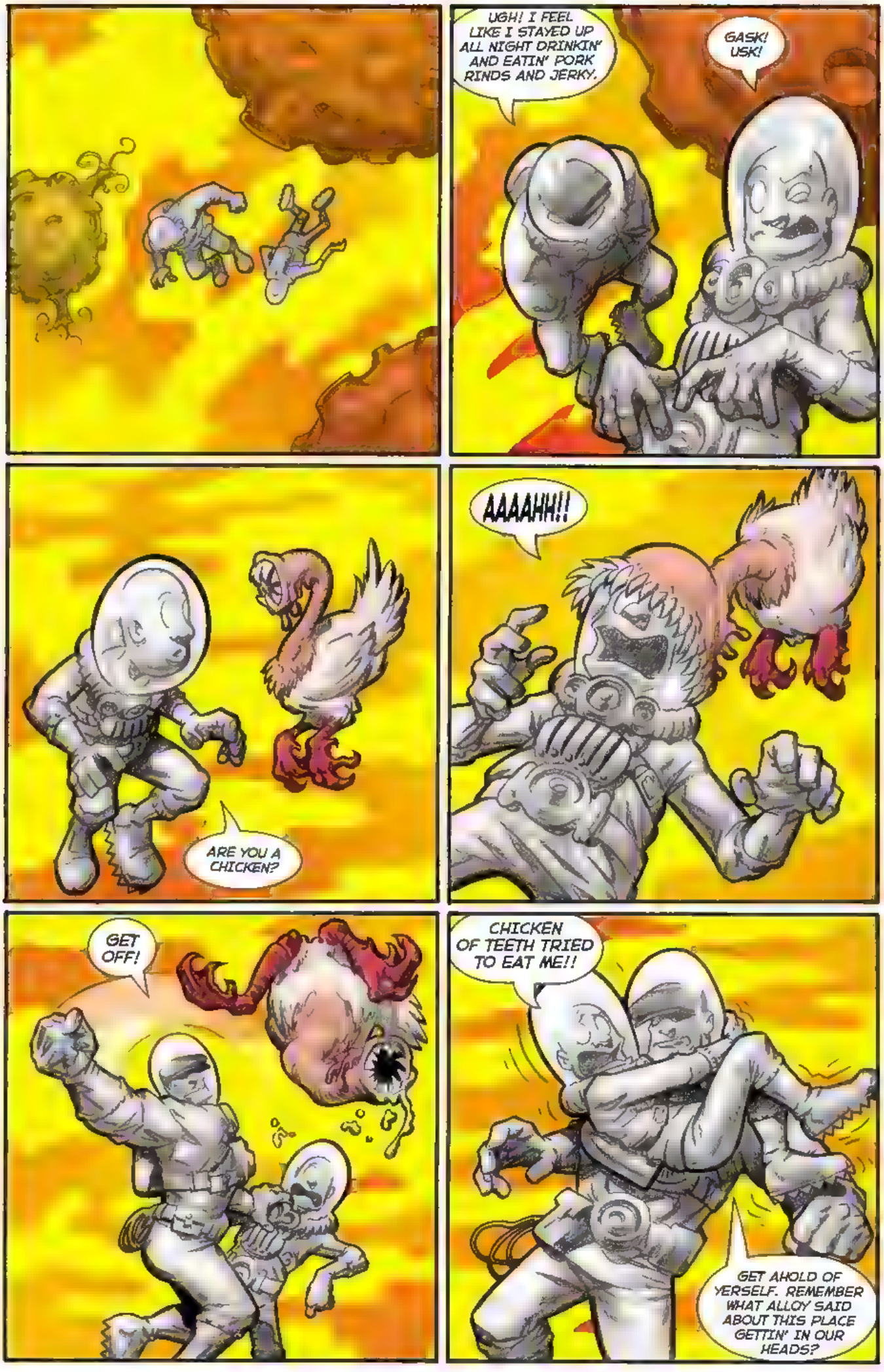
HELLO, GOON. FRANCIS.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YA?
YES, WELL, IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE EXCESSIVE EXPERIMENTATION I'VE CONDUCTED ON MYSELF IS BEGINNING TO MANIFEST A DISTURBING SIDE EFFECT.
I'M DETERIORATING.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'VE MET MY BELOVED LEWIS. I CHERISH HIM ABOVE ALL EARTHLY TREASURES. YES I DO. DON'T I, LEWIS?
ENOUGH WITH THE RABBIT, ALLOY! YOU GOT HOLES IN YER FACE!
PLEASE FOLLOW ME.

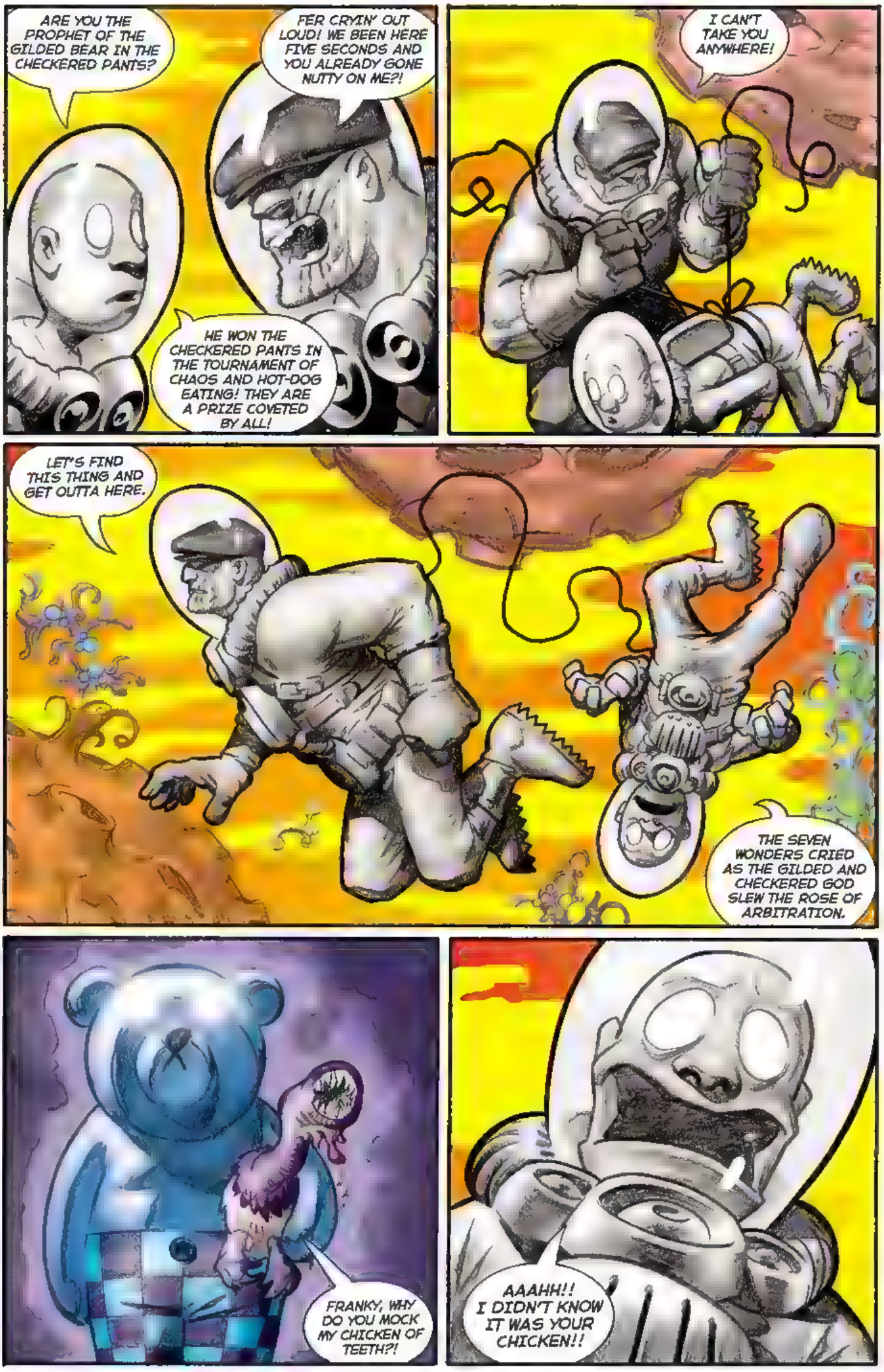

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THE DETERIORATION. I MUST RECONSTITUTE MY STRUCTURE THROUGH A PROCESS SUPERIOR TO THAT OF MY LAST ATTEMPT.
HUH?
DON'T ASK ME.
I HAVE BUT ONE PROBLEM. TO DO SUCH A THING REQUIRES AN ELEMENT NOT OF THIS PLANE OF EXISTENCE. AN ELEMENT THAT I HAVE DUBBED LEWISIUM!
IT'S AN HOMAGE TO MY DEAREST LEWIS.
I KNEW I DIDN'T WANT NOTHIN' TA DO WITH THIS.
THIS MACHINE CAN TRANSPORT YOU TO THE PARALLEL UNIVERSE WHERE THE LEWISIUM CAN BE FOUND. I WOULD DO IT MYSELF BUT IN MY WEAKENED CONDITION I FEAR I WOULD NOT SURVIVE.

WHY DON'T YOU JUST SEND ONE OF YER ROBOTS OR SOMETHING?
I TRIED. FOR SOME REASON THEY ARE RENDERED USELESS WITHIN SECONDS OF ENTERING.
I WILL NOT ATTEMPT TO FORCE YOU TO DO THIS, BUT IF YOU DO NOT... I WILL DIE. I HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO ASK.
MORE LIKE CAPTAIN NIMROD THE SPACE PUTZ!
HEY! GETTA LOAD A ME! I'M CAPTAIN WEIRDO SPACEMAN EXTRA-ORDINARY!

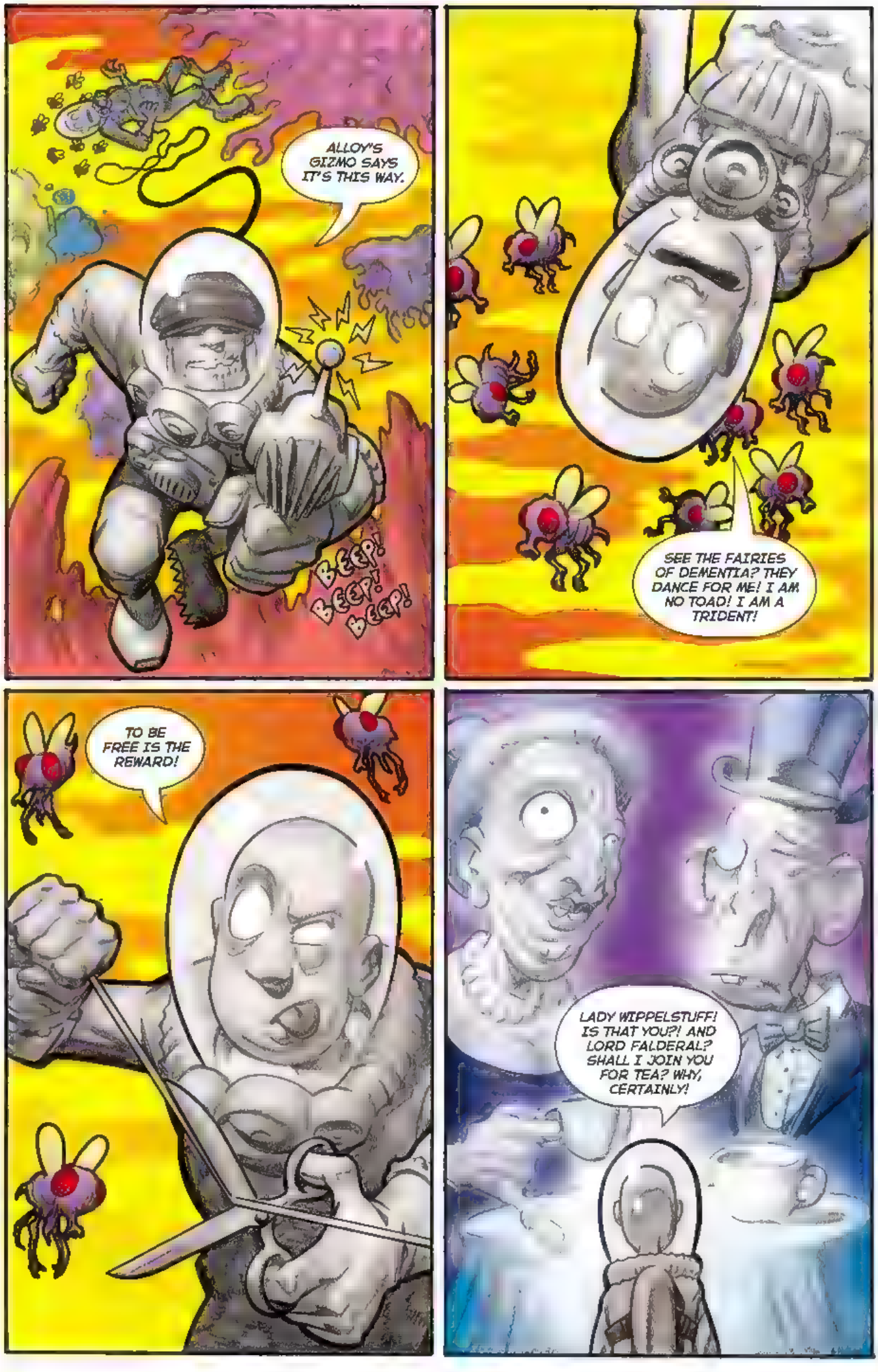
YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS YOU DON'T FILL IT OUT AS GOOD!
THESE SUITS SHOULD PROTECT YOUR STRUCTURES FROM THE ADVERSE EFFECTS OF BEING SUBMERGED IN A WORLD WHERE THE PHYSICAL LAWS OF NATURE AS WE KNOW THEM DO NOT APPLY.
BUT IT IS NOT YOUR PHYSICAL WELL-BEING THAT CONCERNS ME. YOU WILL SEE MANY BEWILDERING THINGS THAT YOUR MIND WILL NOT BE ABLE TO GRASP. THINGS BEYOND YOUR REASON. STAY FOCUSED. BE STRONG OF MIND LEST YOU FALL FOREVER INTO THE GRIP OF INSANITY.
YEAH, YEAH. FIRE THIS THING UP, ALLOY. I WANNA GET THIS OVER WITH.
CLACK!
BWAWAWAWA!

GULP!
THE DEVICE ON YOUR BELT WILL LEAD YOU DIRECTLY TO THE LEWISIUM!
WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND IT AND ARE READY TO RETURN, SIMPLY PRESS THE BUTTONS ON YOUR CHEST PLATES IN UNISON AND THE PAIR OF YOU WILL INSTANTANEOUSLY RETURN HERE. IT WILL NOT WORK UNLESS YOU PRESS THEM IN UNISON!

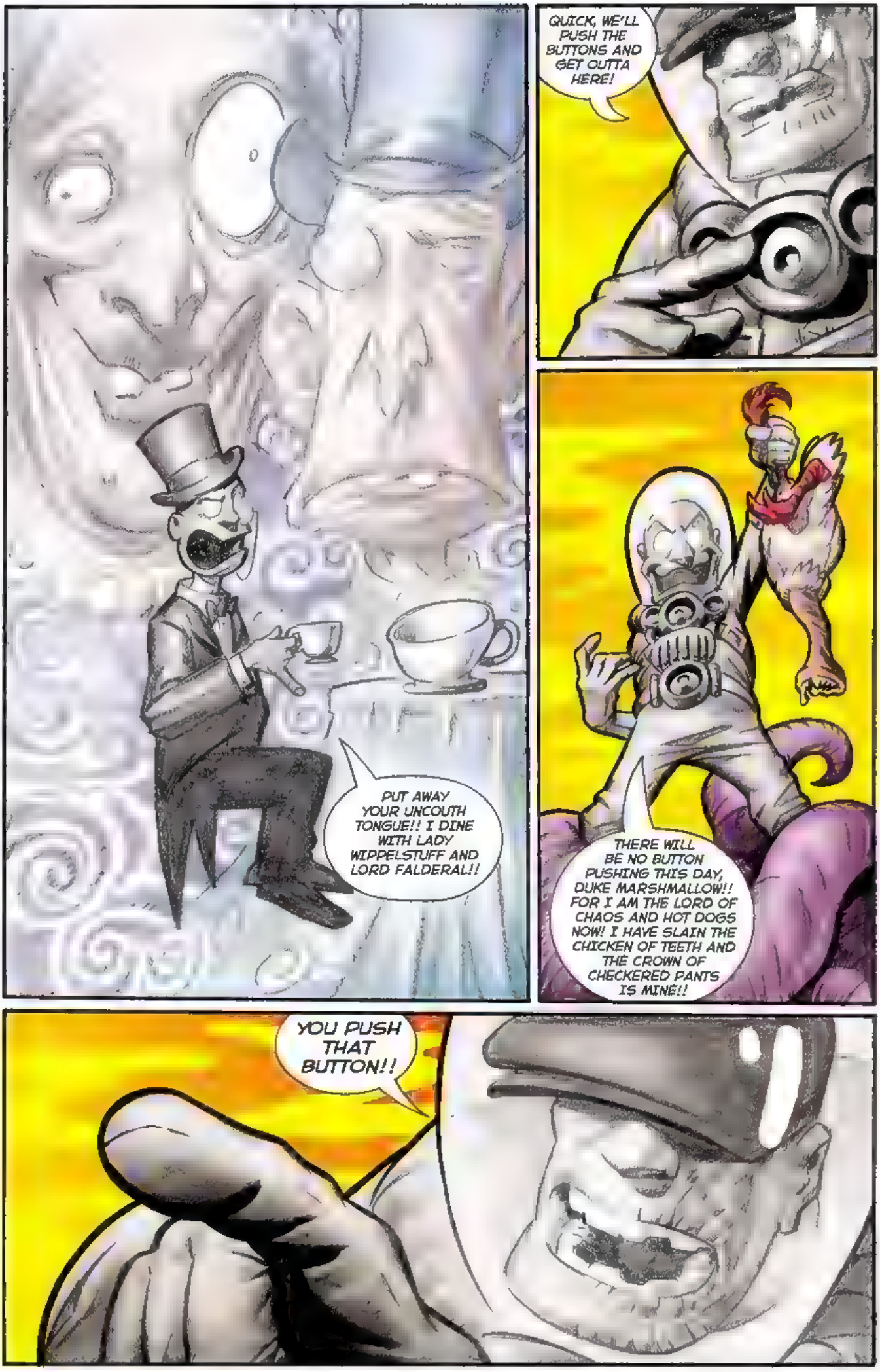

UGH! I FEEL LIKE I STAYED UP ALL NIGHT DRINKIN' AND EATIN' PORK RINDS AND JERKY.
GASK! USK!
ARE YOU A CHICKEN?
AAAAHH!!
GET OFF!
CHICKEN OF TEETH TRIED TO EAT ME!!
GET AHOLD OF YERSELF. REMEMBER WHAT ALLOY SAID ABOUT THIS PLACE GETTIN' IN OUR HEADS?

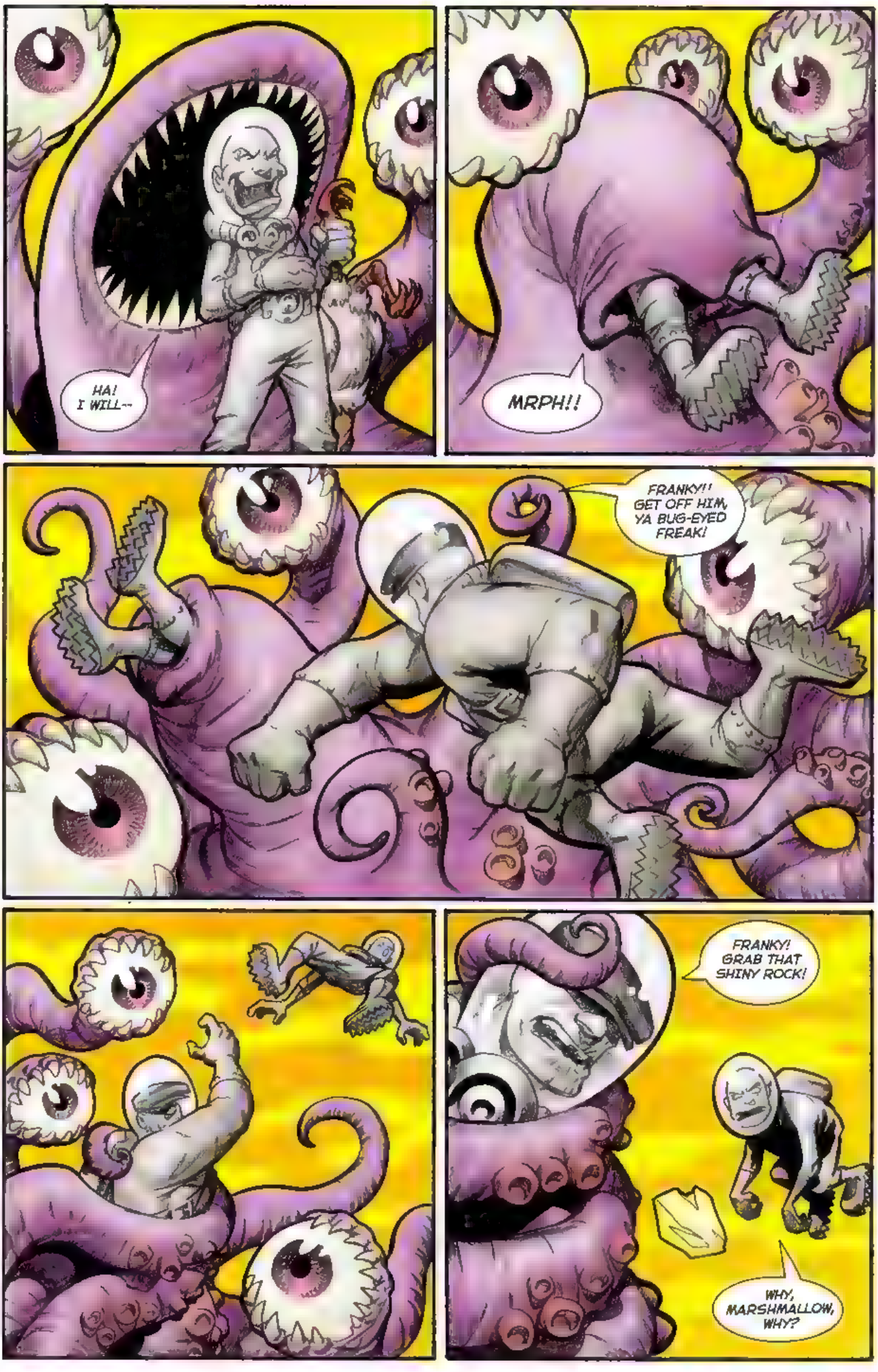

ARE YOU THE PROPHET OF THE GILDED BEAR IN THE CHECKERED PANTS?
FER CRYIN' OUT LOUD! WE BEEN HERE FIVE SECONDS AND YOU ALREADY GONE NUTTY ON ME?!
HE WON THE CHECKERED PANTS IN THE TOURNAMENT OF CHAOS AND HOT-DOG EATING! THEY ARE A PRIZE COVETED BY ALL!
I CAN'T TAKE YOU ANYWHERE!
LET'S FIND THIS THING AND GET OUTTA HERE.
THE SEVEN WONDERS CRIED AS THE GILDED AND CHECKERED GOD SLEW THE ROSE OF ARBITRATION.
FRANKY, WHY DO YOU MOCK MY CHICKEN OF TEETH?!
AAAHH!! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOUR CHICKEN!!

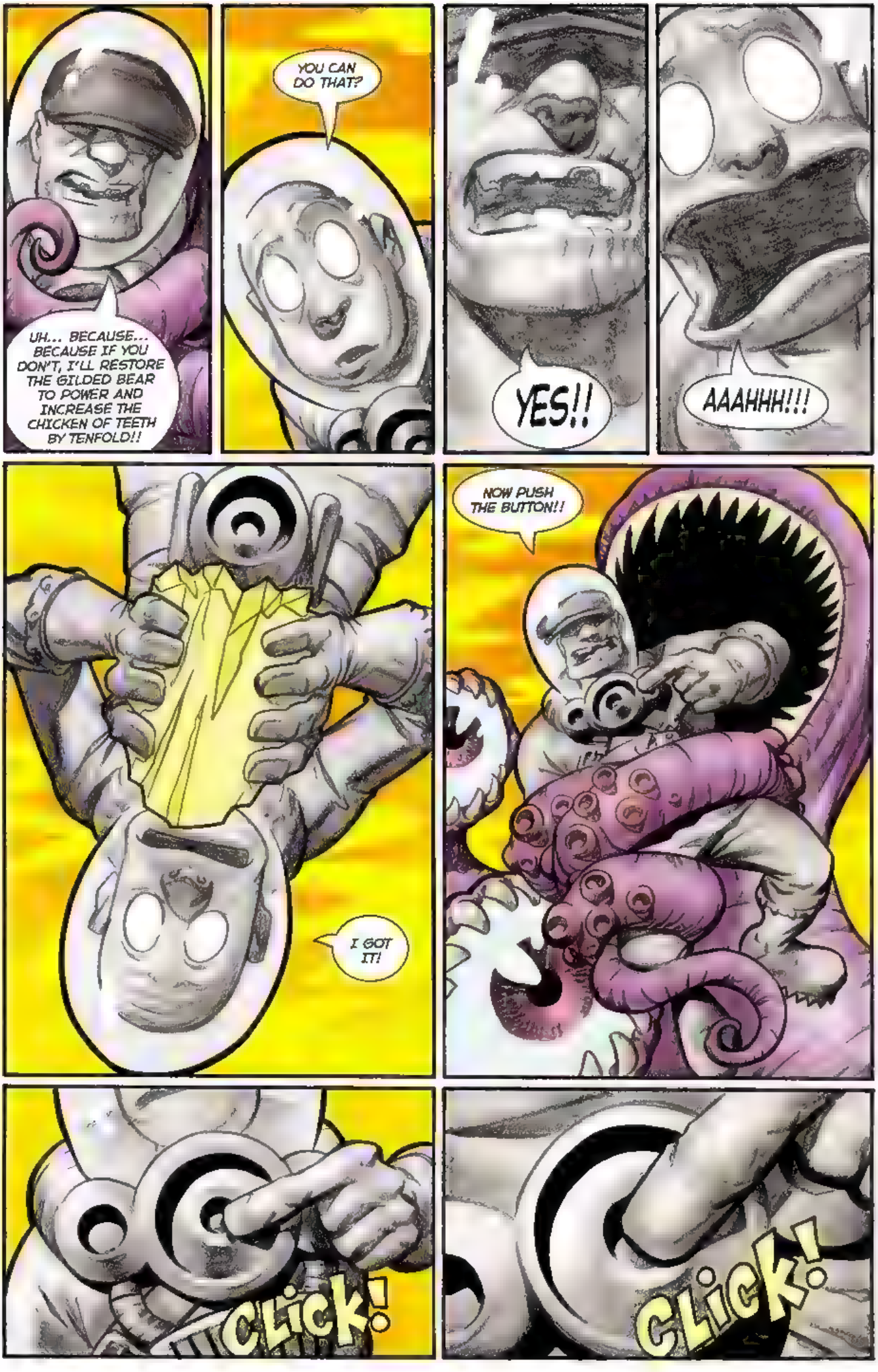
LAGARTO! I DO NOT FEEL WELL!
AHH! NO! MY MIND! IT IS EATING INTO MY GLORIOUS MIND!!
¡CESTE GRINGO BRILLANTE ES TERRIBLE INSANO!
NOT MY INGENIOUS MIND!! YOU MUST HURRY, GOON!

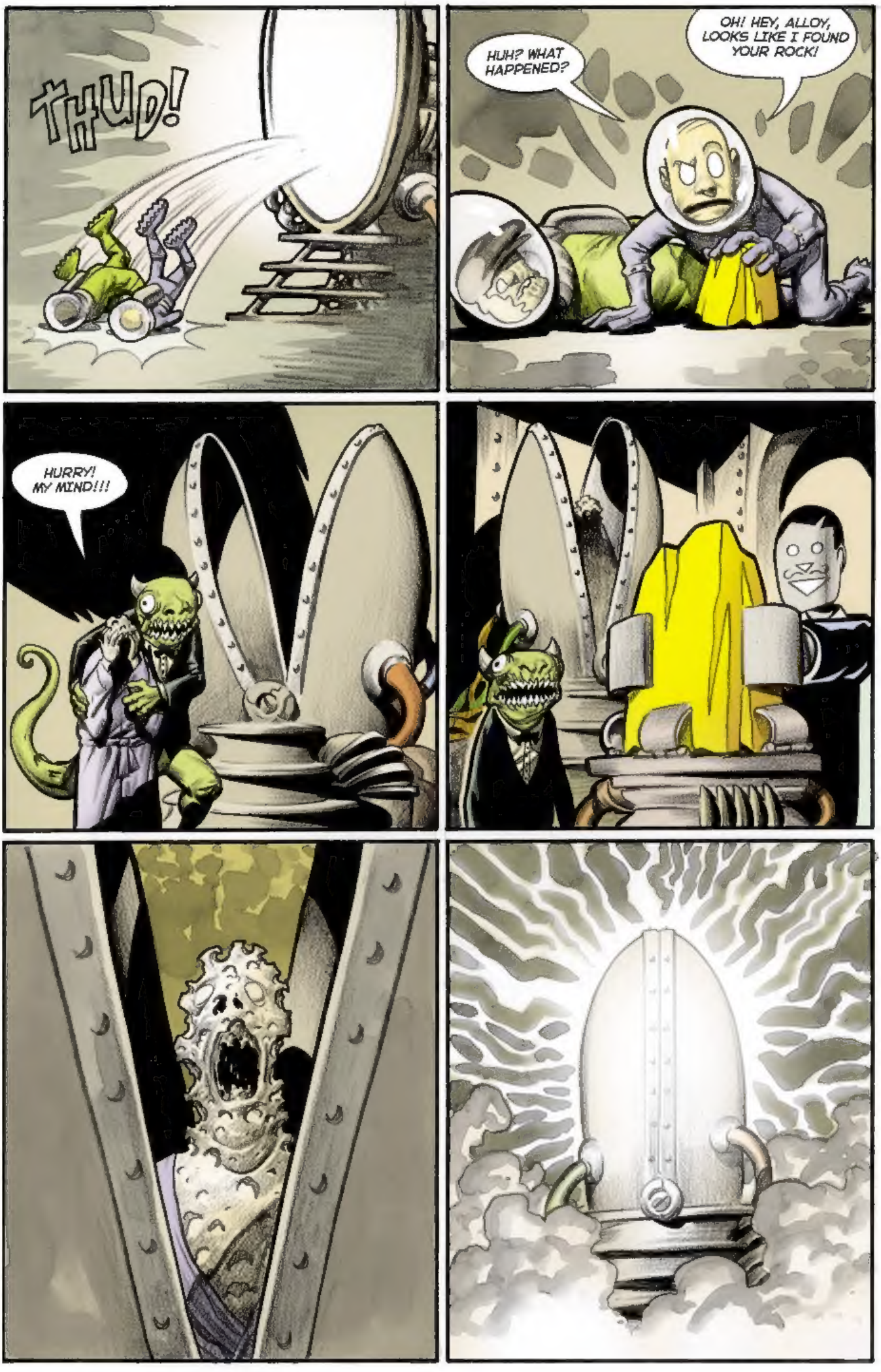

ALLOY'S GIZMO SAYS IT'S THIS WAY.
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
SEE THE FAIRIES OF DEMENTIA? THEY DANCE FOR ME! I AM NO TOAD! I AM A TRIDENT!
TO BE FREE IS THE REWARD!
LADY WIPPELSTUFF! IS THAT YOU?! AND LORD FALDERAL? SHALL I JOIN YOU FOR TEA? WHY, CERTAINLY!

AH-HA! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
CRACK!
OKAY, FRANKY, LET'S GET OUTTA--
FRANKY?
FRANKY! GET AWAY FROM THAT THING!!


PUT AWAY YOUR UNCOUTH TONGUE!! I DINE WITH LADY WIPPELSTUFF AND LORD FALDERAL!!
QUICK, WE'LL PUSH THE BUTTONS AND GET OUTTA HERE!
THERE WILL BE NO BUTTON PUSHING THIS DAY, DUKE MARSHMALLOW!! FOR I AM THE LORD OF CHAOS AND HOT DOGS NOW! I HAVE SLAIN THE CHICKEN OF TEETH AND THE CROWN OF CHECKERED PANTS IS MINE!!
YOU PUSH THAT BUTTON!!


HA! I WILL--
MRPH!!
FRANKY!! GET OFF HIM, YA BUG-EYED FREAK!
FRANKY! GRAB THAT SHINY ROCK!
WHY, MARSHMALLOW, WHY?


UH... BECAUSE... BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T, I'LL RESTORE THE GILDED BEAR TO POWER AND INCREASE THE CHICKEN OF TEETH BY TENFOLD!!
YOU CAN DO THAT?
YES!!
AAAHHH!!!
I GOT IT!
NOW PUSH THE BUTTON!!
CLICK!
CLICK!


THUD!
HUH? WHAT HAPPENED?
OH! HEY, ALLOY, LOOKS LIKE I FOUND YOUR ROCK!
HURRY! MY MIND!!!

CRACK!
GOON, FRANCIS, YOU MADE IT JUST IN TIME.

YES, GOOD EVENING. I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.
LATER, DOC.
CRUNCH!
SLAP!
RANDOLPH, ACTIVATE BRUNOS NUMBER TWO THROUGH SIXTY-SEVEN.

EMPIRE